

ARE YOU TRYING TO WIN 5,000,000 MARKS? See Page 2

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

No. 6,001

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1923

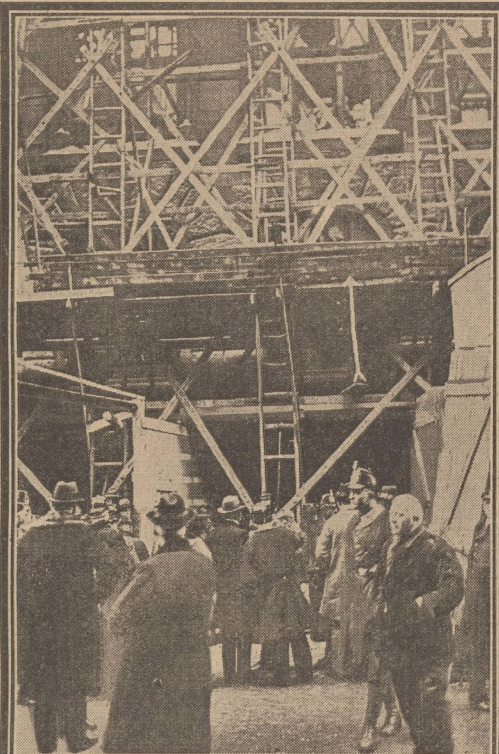
One Penny.

## GIRL 'BOOKIE'



Miss Janette Stanbridge, a twenty-one-year-old girl, who has carried on the business of a commission agent in the West End of London since she was seventeen. She employs a manager and two clerks, and keeps them and herself fully occupied with her numerous and extensive transactions.

## BERLIN DISASTER



Twenty deaths and many injuries were caused in consequence of the collapse of one of Berlin's principal office buildings, shown here as it appeared after the disaster. The collapse was fairly gradual, or there must have been a still greater number of fatalities. The *Berliner Tageblatt* occupied part of the building.

## WIFE GONE



Mr. Charles Sanderson, a cashier, of Keighley, leaving the Law Courts yesterday after giving evidence on his claim for damages against his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hannah Hudson, a widow, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who he alleges "enticed away and harboured" his wife since 1921.

FINED COAL BARONS OF THE RUHR RECEIVE A GREAT OVATION AS "INDUSTRIAL MARTYRS."



Coal barons in court. (A) Thyssen, (B) Kesten, (C) Wuestenhofer, (D) Tengelmann.

The mining magnates brought before a French court-martial at Mainz met with a tremendous ovation from their fellow-countrymen on their return to the Ruhr, after having heavy fines imposed upon them. The German Press alludes to their progress as "the triumphal home-coming of the six industrial martyrs."



The huge crowd assembled outside Cologne Station to cheer court-martialled mineowners.

The next move of the French authorities is awaited with the most anxious interest, but it is not expected that there will be any considerable development of the very critical situation before to-morrow.



## 3,000,000 MARKS TO BE WON.

Prizes for Best 100 Words on Ruhr Crisis.

### 'DAILY MIRROR' PLAN

Competition That May Bring You Future Riches.

For writing a hundred words on a post-card you may win five million marks.

The Daily Mirror offers this prize, together with others, totalling 8,000,000 marks, for the opinions of readers on the Ruhr crisis.

Competitors must write a 100-words expression of their opinions on this question, clearly and concisely indicating what they consider Great Britain should do in view of the delicate situation which has arisen between France and Germany.

All competitors must write clearly and give their full name and address.

### WHAT IS YOUR VIEW?

Eyes of World on Britain's Attitude Towards French Occupation?

Opinions may be written either on a post-card or on a half-sheet of notepaper.

The three prizes offered are:—

FIRST PRIZE..... 5,000,000 marks.

SECOND PRIZE..... 2,000,000 marks.

THIRD PRIZE..... 1,000,000 marks.

These prizes will be awarded and delivered free of charge by The Daily Mirror to the writers of the three best expressed and logically explained opinions sent to this office.

The eyes of the world are on the Ruhr, and Great Britain's attitude towards the French occupation of Germany's principal coal mining district is a matter for national consideration which becomes more vital as each hour passes.

Some persons are of opinion that the British Government should actively support the means adopted by the French Government to extract overdue reparations from Germany.

Others hold that Downing-street should "sit tight" and watch developments, a policy which has characterised its attitude up to the present.

Whatever your opinion may be, send it to:

The Editor,

The Daily Mirror,

23-29, Boulevard-street,

London, E.C.4,

and endorse your envelope or postcard "Ruhr" in the left-hand corner.

Competitors must condense their opinions to 100 words and head their postcard or half-sheet of notepaper:—

### WHAT GREAT BRITAIN MUST DO—AND WHY.

Underneath this heading tell us in 100 words your views and the reasons which govern them.

An essential condition is that all competitors must accept the decision of the Editor as legally binding in every way.

It is interesting to note that this vast quantity of marks (eight millions) offered as prizes by The Daily Mirror would in pre-war days be worth £400,000 at the currency of twenty marks to the £.

It is entirely a matter of conjecture as to what rate of exchange the mark will be stabilised in the future.

Whether your prize will be worth more or less in the years to come may be decided by the wisdom of British policy at the present moment.

As the closing date of the competition will be announced soon, no time should be lost in sending in your message.

Do not forget that if you win a prize the great quantity of marks which are yours will be delivered to your home free of any road, rail or shipping charges.

### THE KING'S CONGRATULATIONS.

The King and Queen have sent their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Love, of Chapel Hill Farm, Eastchurch, Sheppey, on the celebration of their diamond jubilee wedding. Mr. Love was for over forty years churchwarden of Lapdown Church, and for thirty years a member of the Sheppey Board of Guardians.

### RED CROSS OFFICIAL.

General Sir James Stewart left yesterday for Athens to represent the British Red Cross Society in the organised efforts for relief of refugees from Asia Minor and Turkey.

## FRANCE IS WINNING.

Lord Rothermere's Article in the "Sunday Pictorial."

### DUTY TO KEEP FAITH.

"If at this juncture Germany is allowed to flout France and the rest of the Allies and to repudiate her obligations, the Great War will have been fought in vain," says Lord Rothermere in a powerful article—"France Is Winning"—which appears in to-morrow's Sunday Pictorial.

Lord Rothermere points out that the dreadful happenings predicted by those who were opposed to the occupation of the Ruhr have not come to pass.

On the contrary, France is steadily achieving her purpose, and, to keep faith with those who died, we should give our moral support and sympathy to France in her present enterprise. The British nation should stand firmly by the French and make Germany realise that France has our wholehearted support and approval.

### TAXI THAT DROVE ON.

Police Search for Driver—Boy's Death After Being Knocked Down.

The police are searching for a taxicab which knocked down Thomas Baterip, aged fifteen, while he was helping to push a barrow at Waterloo, the boy having died in hospital from his injuries.

The taxicab is believed to have driven in the direction of Waterloo Station.

A similar case was reported by the police yesterday. A lad was run over and seriously injured in Lower Kennington-lane, S.E., the previous night.

The police are anxious to trace the driver of a steam wagon with a trailer attached, which at 5.30 passed through that thoroughfare.

## STAGE SHOOTING DRAMA

Actor Wounded Through Mistake in Loading Revolver.

PARIS, Friday. Actors on the stage of the Theatre Français were thrown into consternation during a performance when an artist accidentally shot another artist owing to a loaded cartridge instead of a blank having been slipped by mistake into a revolver.

The player who was shot fell to the floor, bleeding profusely, and the curtain was dropped immediately.

Other actors who rushed to their colleague's aid found that he had been wounded in the shoulder. His injuries will not, it is believed, prove fatal.—Exchange.

## VETERAN "FRESHER."

Oxford Citizen Becomes Undergraduate to Obtain a Degree.

After a long and strenuous life as an Oxford citizen, Mr. Harry Paintin has entered upon a university career, despite his advanced age, and will spend the next few years of his retirement as an undergraduate.

At an age when most men want to do what they like, Mr. Paintin has to submit to the discipline of the university like any other "fresher."

He has long been an authority on archaeological and kindred subjects. A native of Burford, Oxfordshire, Mr. Paintin was educated at the Burford Grammar School.

When he left school he did not other than to enter a university career did not enter itself. He has spent a life of study, and now seeks to attain the ambition of his youth—an Oxford degree.

## FAMOUS HOSPITAL TO GO

Croydon Electors Vote in Favour of Street-Widening Scheme.

By a majority of 1,865 Croydon electors have voted in favour of a street widening scheme which will involve the demolition of the famous Whitgift Hospital.

The figures were: For demolition, 8,379; against, 8,314. Of 84,500 burgesses, only about one-sixth voted.

Now that the electors have come to this decision the council will continue with the promotion of the Bill in Parliament for street widening.

The net estimated cost of the scheme, after allowing for recoupment, is £75,000.

### LORD CAVAN'S HONEYMOON.

The Earl and Countess of Cavan have gone to France for a brief holiday, writes The Daily Mirror political correspondent.

It will be remembered that their honeymoon was cut short owing to the urgency of the Earl's official duties at the War Office. Now it will be completed. Lord Cavan is Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

## SHOCK FOR "DRYS."

Prohibitionist Chief Denies Extortion Charges.

### "VICTIM OF REVENGE."

New York, Friday. A sensation has been created by the District Attorney calling on Mr. Williams Anderson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and nationally a prominent "dry crusader," to answer allegations of misappropriation, malfeasance, blackmail and extortion in connection with his work.

While the District Attorney declined to give details of Mr. Anderson's examination, Mr. Anderson, in a statement to the Press, declares that he himself is a victim of attempted extortion and blackmail on the part of the discharged employees of the league desiring revenge.

He admits, however, he had an agreement with one of them to split equally a percentage of the collections of money the man made for the league and concealed the transactions from the league's records.

Mr. Anderson says he did not consider this unethical. His examination is being continued to-day.—Reuter.

## ORGANIST FOR 41 YEARS.

Professor of Music Who Joined Church Choir as a Boy.

A remarkable record of church service is credited to Mr. Arthur J. Greenish, of Hampstead.

As a boy he entered the choir of St. Saviour's Church, South Hampstead, in 1875, remaining in the choir until 1880, when he was appointed organist of the Parish Church, Battersea.

Two years later he returned to St. Saviour's Church as organist, and the following year he was also made choir-master. He has now held this appointment for forty-one years.

Mr. Greenish is a professor at the Royal Academy of Music for harmony and composition.

## TERRIER BURIED ALIVE.

Lived for Thirteen Days After Being Trapped in Fox Earth.

After having been buried for thirteen days in a hole in which it worried a fox, a game terrier, Floss, belonging to Mr. Stanley Allason, of Broughton, Cokermonth, is recovering satisfactorily.

Floss was entered to a fox driven into a badger earth near the Loweswater falls by the Melbrake foxhounds. Reynard was killed, but Floss was heard "baiting" another fox.

Followers dug for the terrier until darkness, and again next day, but as nothing could be found it was concluded that Floss had been either killed by a badger or suffocated.

Thirteen days afterwards, Floss, in a terribly emaciated condition, crawled into a farmhouse near by. It was only by having washed to skin and bones that the animal could worm its way out of one of the tunnels.

## PAGE-BOY DETECTIVE.

Captures Woman Thief Whom He Had Watched in West End Shop.

Detained by a page-boy as she left the premises of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Evelyn Mathewman, a needleworker, of Emu-road, Battersea, was sentenced at Marylebone yesterday to a month's imprisonment for stealing gloves and silk stockings worth 28s. 11d.

Franklin West, aged sixteen, said he saw the woman inspecting gloves in the store and kept a watch on her. After a while she took up a pair of grey fur gloves and put them into her left hand by her hip.

"She covered them with her right hand," West continued, "and walked out. When she got outside I stopped her and said, 'You haven't paid for those things.' I took her by the arm and said, 'Come along.' She threw the gloves and some other property on the table in the office."

## STILL FIGHTING!

Man Who Was in the Army to Pay for an Attack on Man Who Was Not.

Stopped by a ticket collector at Liverpool-street Underground Station because his ticket was unavailable, Henry Ashton, twenty-three, a labourer, declined to pay excess fare, and asked the collector if he had been in the Army.

When the collector replied, "No," Ashton said, "You're one of the people I have been fighting for," and struck him in the face, cutting his nose and mouth and discolouring his eyes. At the Old Bailey, where Ashton was fined £5 or a month's imprisonment, counsel declared it was "perfectly monstrous" that a man should think that because he had served in the Army he was entitled to treat in a disgraceful manner those who had not.

## WIFE'S PROBLEM AND JUDGE.

Man's Tale of Domineering He Did Not Like.

### AMUSING EVIDENCE.

Denial That He Tried to Kiss Wife's Sister.

There were some amusing moments in Mr. Justice Darling's Court yesterday, when the resumed hearing of the action of a man against his mother-in-law for, it is alleged, "enticing his wife away."

Mr. Charles Sanderson, of Keighley, is suing Mrs. Hannah Hudson, of Port Elizabeth. In evidence he denied that his wife frequently threatened to leave him before she went back to South Africa with her mother. He also denied that he had threatened to shoot her, and that he tried to kiss her sister when she was staying at his house.

While Mr. Sanderson was being questioned concerning the "domineering" attitude of his mother-in-law, the Judge asked him if he had ever read "The Taming of the Shrew," and he replied that he had not.

### JUDGE'S JOKES.

Husband Asked if He Had Read "The Taming of the Shrew."

Mr. Sanderson told his counsel, Sergeant Sullivan, K.C., that in a discussion with his wife before she left the house she said, "I dare not go against my mother's wishes, Charlie. If I did she will disown me and never speak to me again."

Before his wife took her departure she called him into the dining-room and said: "Well, I am going now, Charlie. Will you be faithful to me?"

He promised that he would, and then she said: "I will be faithful to you. It might not be long, as mother has heart disease, and might die any time. Then I shall get free from her influence and be able to do what I like."

She then kissed him, shook hands and went out of the house. He had not seen her since.

Cross-examined by Mr. Croom Johnson, Mr. Sanderson said he was forty-eight years of age. He thought his wife had been brought up in a very narrow-minded manner.

She was a Wesleyan and had definite religious beliefs. He did not object to his wife visiting friends. She has never said their marriage was a huge mistake.

Did you go into the sister's bedroom when the sister was staying at the house?—No, the sister was half-dressed and was dressing?—No.

Did you go into the cellar when the sister was there and threaten to kiss her?—I did not.

The Judge: In what way was your mother-in-law domineering?—Mr. Sanderson: She told my wife not to let one thing and the other go on in the house.

What sort of thing?—I was always to put away my own clothes and my wife was not to put them away. (Laughter.)

Why did you not try domineering?—It is not my nature.

Have you ever read "The Taming of the Shrew"? (Laughter.)—No.

The Judge: He is not well-equipped. Why did you bring the present action? To make money?—No, but I want my wife back. I don't want to be treated as if I were a kaffir. I don't want my wife taken away from me.

Re-examined, Mr. Sanderson, asked what his wife's weight was, said that when she came to England it was 11st. 8lb. After a second's hesitation he added: "Excuse me, that's dressed."

## OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 5.37 p.m.

Oldest Rear-Admiral (H)—Rear-Admiral Sir T. P. Frowes, aged ninety-five, the oldest officer of his rank in the Service, is seriously ill.

Thames Porpoises.—A crowd gathered on Blackfriars Bridge yesterday, watching two fine porpoises sporting themselves in the river.

Work to Unemployed.—A large portion of land, given by the Army Council, is being added to Aldershot High-street recreation ground by unemployed men.

Tribute to Mother-in-Law.—"I went with my mother-in-law about the buying of the business, and she's no fool!" said a Bow County Court witness yesterday.

Curious Names!—Among litigants at Bow County Court yesterday were persons named Sugar, Wool, Rod, Farthing, Crystal, Polly, Bride and Pressman.

Poet's Home for Nation.—Elliesland, the farm near Dunfermline where Robert Burns lived, 1789-1831, has been bequeathed to the nation by Mr. George Williamson, of Edinburgh.

Welsh Teachers' Threat.—Teachers in Montgomeryshire and Cardiganshire threaten to strike if the education committees refuse to accept their offer of 5s. per week pension, as recommended by the Burnham Committee.



# GERMANY DECLARED IN FULL DEFAULT BY ALLIES

**Dramatic Paris Decision to Enforce Total Reparations Payment of £6,600,000,000.**

**NO RESPITE WHILE BERLIN REMAINS DEFIANT**

**Plans Complete for Isolating Ruhr—French Troops Attacked by Mob at Dusseldorf.**

There was a dramatic development in the reparations situation yesterday, when France, Belgium and Italy, at a Paris meeting, declared the complete default of Germany in regard to her obligations.

Sir John Bradbury (Great Britain) abstained from voting. Germany's moratorium request having been annulled by her refusal to make payments in kind, the Allies will enforce the scale of payments drawn up in London last May, when the total German liability was fixed at £6,600,000,000.

An immediate result will be the demand—to be made in a Note to the German Government—for £25,000,000 to be paid next Wednesday. No respite will be considered until Germany abandons her policy of resistance and defiance.

French plans are complete for isolating the Ruhr and taking over the administration, but no decisive action is expected before to-morrow.

**BRITAIN REFRAINS FROM VOTING ON NEW POLICY.**

**Berlin Must Pay £25,000,000 By Next Wednesday.**

**MORATORIUM SHELVED.**

PARIS, Friday. The Reparations Commission declared today that Germany is in general default and refused her request for a moratorium.

Belgium, France and Italy voted in favour of the resolutions adopted. Britain refrained from voting.

It was decided to send letters to all the Allies notifying them of Germany's default, and also to re-establish the London schedule of payments of May, 1921 (a total of £6,600,000,000).

The Reparations Commission will also send a communication to Germany demanding the payment of half a milliard gold marks (£250,000,000) on January 31.

The French and Belgian Governments decided to refuse to discuss a moratorium until the Berlin Government abandons its policy of resistance to the occupation of the Ruhr.

It is remarked that the German Note of January 15, notifying the cessation of all payments in kind, nullified the German request of November 14 for a moratorium of several years, which, therefore, is shelved.—Exchange.

It is understood that Sir John Bradbury agreed with the French and Belgian contention that it was useless to discuss the question of granting a moratorium to Germany, in view of the present relations between France and Belgium and Germany, states Reuters.

Sir John Bradbury abstained from voting for a general default, in accordance with the policy followed on the occasion of two previous declarations of a default.

The Wily German.—According to a Central News Berlin telegram the German Government states that Germany only refuses to pay reparations while the Ruhr is occupied. After the withdrawal she will be ready to continue the deliveries as usual.

## RUHR MISSION'S REPORT.

**France, Belgium and Italy in Complete Accord—"Cut Off" Deferred.**

PARIS, Friday. M. Le Trocquer, Minister of Public Works, reporting to-day to his colleagues on his mission to the Ruhr, declared that the co-ordination between the French, Belgian and Italian civilian and military authorities was complete. They were in absolute agreement.

General Weygand described the Allied military experts as pastmasters at their jobs. The population on the whole was calm, and there was no inclination among the workmen to cease work.

The special correspondent of the Echo de Paris at Dusseldorf declares that the Rhineland could be isolated to-morrow.

It is not expected, however, that any great decisive action will be taken before Sunday.

When the separation comes to be made, says the Petit Parisien, a complete administration, a railway personnel, a river organisation and a police service will all be ready to replace the staffs of the defaulting Germans.

There was a renewal yesterday of disturbances at Dusseldorf. A Central News message states that in a collision between French troops and the inhabitants the soldiers were manhandled, and several weapons were captured.

Railwaymen at Dusseldorf yesterday tore up the rails, completely isolating the Ruhr main line traffic. The French have organised convoys of motor lorries for conveying rations and supplies.—Reuters.

**TURK ARMY READY FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.**

**Possible Landing Attempt If Lausanne Fai's.**

**THREAT OF FORCE AT MOSUL.**

Keen anxiety is felt at Lausanne regarding the final and critical week of the Peace Conference, which is due to end next Friday.

In the event of the Turks declaring that the Allies' conditions are unacceptable, says the Central News, it is considered likely that the Turks may land an army at Constantinople, or each Government concerned may renounce the general Treaty, and fresh negotiations would then be opened between Turkey and each State separately.

If, contrary to expectations, the Turks do accept the Allied conditions, peace might be signed at the final meeting on February 2.

During a stormy session in the National Assembly at Ankara, says Reuters, the members indulged in violent anti-British oratory and declared that, if necessary, they would retake Mosul by force.

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**BRITISH N.C.O. MURDERED.**

**Sergeant of Staffords Shot by Turk—Apology to General Harington.**

Two sergeants of the North Staffordshire Regiment, returning in a cab to Bostanjyk, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, were stopped by a Turk, who, apparently noticing the British uniforms, fired at them with a revolver, mortally wounding one.

The Turk authorities have apologised to General Harington, says Reuters.

**BID TO CUT IRAQ LOSS.**

**High Commissioner Expected in London To-morrow.**

By Our Diplomatic Correspondent. Sir Percy Cox, the High Commissioner for Iraq, arrives in London to-morrow for a conference with a Special Committee of the Cabinet. The Home Government is anxious to consult Sir Percy on the mandatory power of Great Britain over Iraq and the special relations existing under the recent Treaty between Great Britain and King Feisal.

For some time past the Government has been closely examining the whole of our commitments in Iraq with a view of reducing them.

**LABOUR M.P. CALLED TO BAR.**

Romance of Mr. Alfred Short, Member for Wednesday.

Mr. Alfred Short, Labour M.P. for Wednesday last night, was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn last night. He is the first of the Labour members who have risen from the ranks of the workers to join the legal profession.

Only a few years ago he was working at a bench and devoting his leisure hours to study. He served on Sheffield public bodies and was elected secretary of the Boilermakers' Union.

**FORD CARS AS "DRY" CHARIOTS.**

The National Prohibition Party have asked Mr. Henry Ford to lend them a fleet of Ford cars to assist their candidate, Mr. S. M. Holden, in the White-chapel by-election. "The largest fleet of motor-cars ever seen on an election day" is hoped for.

# THE DUKE AND HIS SCOTS BRIDE.

**Graceful Compliment in Glasgow Speech.**

**"HARD UP!" GREETING.**

**Girls Hold Up Motor and Throw Confetti.**

"I have had—may I say—the wisdom, foresight and good fortune to have persuaded a Scottish lady to share my life."

This happy reference to his engagement to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was made by the Duke of York yesterday when he received the freedom of the city of Glasgow.

The Duke had motored to St. Andrews Hall from Blythwood House, and his journey from Renfrew was made through streets lined with cheering crowds.

Mingled with the congratulations shouted from the pavement were cries of "Hard up!"—a hint always given at Scottish marriages when the bridegroom drives off to his wedding.

At first the Duke seemed slightly bewildered by the unusual greeting, but when its significance was explained to him he laughed heartily.

## SCOTLAND'S PRIDE.

On the way from Blythwood House the Duke stopped at Renfrew war memorial cross, and inspecting it went on to the town hall of Renfrew, where he was received by the Provost and magistrates.

When the Duke entered St. Andrews Hall at noon close on 5,000 must have been present. The conferring of the freedom of the city, the Lord Provost, Sir Thomas Paxton, said that Scotland was naturally proud that the first of the King's sons to marry should choose a Scottish bride.

After lunching at the City Chambers with the Lord Provost, the Duke went to the Kelvin Hall, where he opened the Scottish Motor Show.

His tour through Glasgow streets was one of triumphant progress. Dense crowds lined the streets for miles.

While the Duke was passing Anderson Cross, a working-class district, young girls held up his motor-car and pelted him with confetti.

## "ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST."

This demonstration appeared somewhat to embarrass the Duke, who smilingly acknowledged the compliment. On arrival at Kelvin Hall the Duke and the Lord Provost had to be brushed down in order to remove the confetti.

In opening the show the Duke said he was an enthusiastic motorist. He expressed the earnest hope that the motor industry may help to solve the tragic question of unemployment.

Later the Duke motored to Blythwood House, where a dinner and dance were given in his honour. The Duke had to refuse an invitation from two Glasgow Labour M.P.s to visit the East End as his programme of engagements was full.

**Boy Scouts' Greeting.**—The Council of the Boy Scouts' Association sent congratulations to the Duke, who is president for London and Yorkshire.

Chief Scout Sir Robert Baden-Powell mentioned that the bride-elect is a Commissioner of the Girl Guides.

## IRISH DEATH PENALTIES.

**Three Armed Burglars Executed—Rebels Smile at Fate.**

There were three more executions in Ireland yesterday, bringing the total number since November up to fifty-three.

The sentences were carried out at Brix on three Tullamore men—Patrick Cunningham, William Conroy and Colum Kelly—who were found guilty by a military court of being in possession of firearms and of burglary.

Michael Fitzgerald Youghal and Patrick O'Reilly, who were shot at Waterford on Thursday for possessing arms and ammunition, shouted, "Up, the Republic!" "Up, Cork!" while being marched from the gaol to the barracks. They faced the rifles with smiles.

## LORD CAVAN'S HONEYMOON.

The Earl and Countess of Cavan have gone to France for a brief holiday, writes The Daily Mirror political correspondent.

It will be remembered that their honeymoon was cut short owing to the urgency of the Earl's official duties at the War Office. Now it will be completed.

## CHANCELLOR HOME TO-DAY.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has been in America discussing the debt funding negotiations, arrived at Southampton last evening, and is due in London early this morning.

## "POLLY" QUEUES TO BE ABOLISHED

From Monday all parts of the Kingsway Theatre will be available for booking. The box office for the pit will be opened two hours before each performance of "Polly."



Mr. V. R. F. (Vernon R. F.) well-known British aviator, shortly leaving Madrid to take part in a great international air race.



Dr. Hunter Peisley, Tod, whose funeral took place in London yesterday. He was in the front rank of throat surgeons.

**£2,000 TO £2 WAGER ON PHAROAH'S TOMB SECRET.**

**Mr. Carter's Faith in Riches of Inner Chamber.**

**COUCHES FOR THE SOUL.**

LUXOR, Friday.

King Tut-ankh Amen's tomb was thrown open to the Press of the world to-day, when more than a score of journalists from all parts were ushered into the sanctuary.

The most striking of all the objects are two life-size wooden statues of Tut-ankh Amen, embellished in gold.

Two gilded couches, three feet high, supported on either side by archaic hippopotami and lionesses, were intended to give rest to the tired spirit of the King after he entered eternity.

Just before he left for Cairo, Mr. Howard Carter made a sporting bet with Mr. Henry Burton, the American archaeologist, of £2,000 to £2 that the inner chamber of the tomb would contain a greater number of objects than the outer rooms.

Mr. Carter was then pressed to make a wager upon the finding of the King's body, but he declined, saying: "In a way I would prefer not to find it, for already I have enough work for several years, and the mere discovery of the tomb has brought me the endless troubles and difficulties."—Reuters' Extra Special Service.

## TRAIN PLUNGES INTO FLOOD.

**Thirty-nine Passengers Reported Dead in Ceylon Disaster.**

COLOMBO, Friday.

Thirty-nine people are reported to have lost their lives in a railway accident to-day. Sixteen bodies have been recovered.

A mail train ran into floods near Anuradhapura, a deserted city in the Northern Central Province, where in the severe storm part of the track had been swept away.

The train rushed to its fate in the darkness. Dr. Mumford, a passenger to India, rendered valuable aid.—Central News.

## AUTOMATIC AIR BOMBERS.

**Pilotless Fleet That Could Reach Target 300 Miles Distant.**

Aviation progress made it now possible to send a fleet of bombing planes, without pilots, primed to drop bombs automatically on a point over 300 miles distant, said Major-General Patrick, of the U.S. Air Force, in Boston yesterday, says Reuters.

Helium-filled airships would be capable of flying to the North Pole and returning without alighting. They could also serve as mother ships for aeroplanes held underneath the dirigible when the airship was in flight by a device which had been proved practicable by experiments.

## SHOCK FOR "DRYS."

**Prohibitionist Chief Denies Charges of Blackmail.**

NEW YORK, Friday.

A sensation has been created by the District Attorney calling on Mr. Williams Anderson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and nationally a prominent "dry crusader," to answer allegations of misappropriation, malfeasance, blackmail and extortion in connection with his work.

While the District Attorney declined to give details of Mr. Anderson's examination, Mr. Anderson, in a statement to the Press, declares that he himself is a victim of attempted extortion and blackmail on the part of three discharged employees of the league desiring revenge.

He admits, however, he had an agreement with one of them to split equally a percentage of the collections of money.

—Reuters.



Mr. W. Anderson.



**"PADDY" at the SCALA**

Graham Wilcox Productions, Ltd.

PRESENT

**MAE MARSH**

IN THE FILM VERSION OF

**"PADDY - THE NEXT-BEST-THING."**

BY GERTRUDE PAGE.

Directed by **GRAHAM CUTTS.**

Preceded by "The Banishers," a playlet in one act, with Nina Boucicault and Herbert Lander.

**NEW SCALA THEATRE**Off Oxford Street.—Nearest Tube Stations,  
Goodge Street and Tottenham Court Road.**TWICE DAILY 3 & 8.30**  
**SUNDAYS - 7.30****LADIES' MIRROR**

CLOTHES DIVERSIONS—USE OF RIBBONS.



You would win much triumph in a frock like this with its unusual sleeve and embroidery.

**WOMEN** have really a great deal to be grateful for, and I remind myself of this every time my hair goes up haystack or a deceptive "ladder" starts its evil career when I'm on my way to a tea-party.

**DELICIOUS DELIBERATION.**

Take the matter of clothes, for instance—a never-ending source of distraction and diversion for us. Here we are deep in planning, perhaps already wearing, our new spring outfits. Hardly has the first bloom ripened off them than we are deep in consultation with our fashion books and our modistes over the delicious deliberation of our summer frocks and frills. And so we go on. A woman always expects to change her entire wardrobe four times a year—that is to say, with each of the seasons, though I have known mean-spirited husbands remark that in the feminine clothes calendar there are mid-seasons and sub-seasons and half-term seasons—and I don't know what else. Still, one can forgive their little bit-temperes, poor dears! when one reflects how seldom they get a chance to bloom afresh in an absolutely different type of clothes.

**ONE-SIDED STYLES.**

Now, if you have not yet decided upon your new spring outfit let me tell you that fashion shows a decided tendency to be one-sided. Walking skirts wrap over to the left hip, and little coats follow the line and button over securely. House frocks remain straight and slim, with a knotted silk handkerchief at the neck, and sometimes one at the hips as well.

**BILLOWY SLEEVES.**

The fancy for ribbon tie-ups is increasing, and they are seen chiefly on little informal dance frocks. Sometimes, when the sleeve is dispensed with altogether, very narrow ribbons are worn round the armhole. These billow out, veiling the bare arm, and are caught into the wrist by means of a posy bracelet.

**MAYPOLE EFFECT.**

It is at the best dance clubs, of course, that one sees the latest fashions in dance frocks, and at one of them, the other evening, I noticed that most of the women affected long streamers of rainbow-coloured ribbons, attached to the right shoulder. These swung outwards as the wearer danced, giving them the appearance of human maypoles.



Her morning hat of soft and pliable felt is simply outlined with leaves of self material.

**PAGE-BOY DETECTIVE.****Captures Woman Thief Whom He Had Watched in West End Shop.**

Detained by a page-boy as she left the premises of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Evelyn Matthewman, a needleworker, of Emu-road, Battersea, was sentenced at Marylebone yesterday to a month's imprisonment for stealing gloves and silk stockings worth 29s. 11d.

Franklin West, aged sixteen, said he saw the woman inspecting gloves in the store and kept a watch on her. After a while she took up a pair of grey fur gloves and put them into her left hand by her hip.

"She covered them with her right hand," West continued, "and walked out. When she got outside I stopped her and said, 'You haven't paid for those things.' I took her by the arm and said, 'Come along.' She threw the gloves and some other property on the table in the office."

**DEATH DRAMA IN ROOM.****Invalid Husband Crawls from Bed in Vain Effort to Help Dying Wife.**

How a woman died while being attended to by her invalid husband was revealed at a Westminster inquest yesterday when Flora Eves, aged fifty-nine, the wife of a hall porter, of Lupus-street, Pimlico.

A son said that his mother had been very ill in one bed while his father, who the doctor said was liable to die at any moment, was in another bed in the same room.

At 5 a.m. his mother became worse, and his father got out of bed and crawled to her, and was rubbing her chest with lotion when she died. The coroner commented on the pathetic nature of the case and recorded a verdict of Death from natural causes.

**HOUSING DECONTROL.****Committee to Propose Three Grades—Report on Working of Act.****By Our Political Correspondent.**

The Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the working of the Rent Restrictions Act will, it is anticipated, be issued within a week or ten days.

The recent forecast in *The Daily Mirror* that the Committee will recommend the decontrol of houses in three grades will be found correct. The three grades of London houses covered by the Act are:

1. Rent exceeding £70 but less than £105.—Free from restriction when present Act expires in June 2, 1924.

2. Rent between £35 and £75.—To be decontrolled in June, 1924.

3. Rent less than £35.—Subject to restrictions to June, 1925, as a minimum period.

There will be special provisions for Scotland. Mortgage interest clauses of the existing Act should, the Committee suggest, be modified in favour of the mortgage-holder.

Facilities for the recovery of occupancy in those cases in which owners have purchased a house expressly for their own occupation are also recommended.

**LINK WITH BURNS.**

Ellisland, the well-known Dumfriesshire farm associated with the name of Robert Burns, has been given to the nation by the late Mr. George Williamson, an Edinburgh merchant. Burns worked a farm at Ellisland for three years.

**RECTOR BREAKS LEGS IN MISHAP.**

While cycling, the Rev. G. A. Cowan, rector of Buse Cramble, Dorset, collided with a motor-car and sustained broken thighs besides other injuries. He was removed to Sherborne Hospital. The motor-car was slightly damaged, but the occupants escaped unhurt.



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to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any Abdominal complaint send now for my **FREE BOOKLET** (fully illustrated). It contains priceless information on Women's Internal complaints, and will be sent on receipt of 3d. stamps to cover postage. It also explains with the aid of illustrations, how Ruptures of all kinds, Displacement, Internal Weakness, &c., can be cured without Operations or Internal Instruments—the latter cause Cancer and Tumours and should be avoided at all costs. Send to-day to Mrs. CLARA E. SLATER, Dept. 1124, Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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The number being limited, readers are advised to post the coupon, clearly filled in, without a moment's delay.

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"Daily Mirror."

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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1923

## "COMPLETE DEFAULT."

HOW FRANCE HAS EXPOSED THE RUHR PLOT.

EVENTS in the Ruhr during the past week have at least shown the critics of French action one thing—that the mark-manipulating German magnates *never intended* to pay for the hideous wrong done by Germany during the war.

Let us compare this public case with an analogous case taken from private life.

Imagine a man threatened with bankruptcy who announces his readiness to make composition, to meet his creditors half-way, to realise his assets and reform his expenditure.

He is going to do all these things; but somehow he never does them.

In consequence, the brokers are put in. His presence is demanded, and he will be accessible if his expressed intentions were honest. What, on the other hand, will be said of him if he vanishes from the scene—if he exercises a strategic-financial retreat on the next Continental boat?

He will hardly be surprised, therefore, if a warrant is issued for his arrest. Retrospectively, his penitent protestations will seem to be of no account.

Nothing else has happened to the German defaulters.

They were always going to pay and they never did. A measure of carefully disciplined force is applied to them. They immediately decamp. We know now what to think of their advertised good intentions.

Their consequent woes are due to their own dodging. In private life, this would be at once recognised: why not in the present case?

Possibly—with those easily deceived—because men like Stinnes have now executed a moral somersault, and are masking as a noble patriot the fraud that has so prodigiously profited themselves—just as (for the moment) they find it convenient to pose as protectors of those German workers whom they have so long and so ruthlessly exploited.

Some of the German workers may be deceived in the heat of the crisis. France will not. Her grip upon the Ruhr is tightening in response to the fuller development of the plot she has now unmasked as a "complete default."

## MONEY FOR MEDIUMS.

THE decision of Mr. Justice Russell that a recent bequest for the purpose of training mediums is not valid because "not of public benefit" will deeply affect our spiritualistic experts.

They are so certain of themselves—so very sure of the growing validity of the revelations they provoke—that the attitude of the law towards them will seem to be simply a worldly attempt to suppress knowledge on the all-important theme.

"Not otherwise," they will complain, "might some medieval tribunal have put a stop to the scientific researches of a Roger Bacon, or, later, of a Galileo."

We can only attempt to soften the blow for them by remarking that it is still open to the living believer in spiritualism to contribute to the cause.

Perhaps, too, believers may proudly reply that mediums need no training. These prophets are so copious in their descriptions of "the other side" already, that bequests might lead them to excessive familiarity with it.

Meanwhile their first task will be to get into touch with the man who left the money and to ask him what he thinks of the Judge!

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

France and the Ruhr—Our Educational System—The Art of Flirtation—Cyclist and Pedestrian.

### NO ALTERNATIVE.

PEOPLE who criticise the action of France in the Ruhr do not seem to have any alternative to suggest.

It is admitted that our own schemes have come to nothing. Germany has successfully dodged them all.

The latest British scheme merely suggested further delay for further dodging. But France cannot afford further delay and therefore has been forced to take action. A. W. K. Landsdown-place, Clifton.

### "THEY MUST PAY."

WISHING France all success in her present strong action, I only applaud the cause for which so many brave men gave their lives.

May the inventors of poison gas and liquid fire, the murderers of women and children,

### RED LIGHTS.

REAR lights on "push-bikes" are totally unnecessary.

The cyclist can hear a motor coming behind him just as well as a pedestrian can, for, as "Nervous" observes, the "push-bike" is silent. If, then, rear lights are necessary for cyclists, they are equally necessary for pedestrians.

A motor with its dazzling headlights meeting a cyclist is far more dangerous than anything coming from behind.

Moreover, the rear light is a source of danger to the cyclist himself, as he has to be continually glancing behind him to see whether his light is working. CYCLIST.

DANGERS on the road do not come from the cyclist, but from the motorist, and the general use of red lights is demanded in order

## THE JOYS OF WALKING TO AND FROM BUSINESS.



Is not the health-giving quality of this form of exercise a little exaggerated in winter?

the destroyers of peaceful cities learn to pay for the misery they have caused! F. K. T. Putney.

### OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SOME of our correspondents complain of the education provided by Public Schools.

It is undoubtedly true that in the case of the better known schools the standard of learning is not high. I venture to suggest that these schools are relying upon their name (rather than upon their teaching) to fit boys for their careers. One often hears said: "Oh, So-and-so went to—; he's sure to be a good man," whereas So-and-so's qualifications may be nil.

The best education will be obtained at the less well-known Public Schools, whose "fame" depends solely upon results, and who are therefore anxious that all their pupils should be well educated. PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY. Haslemere.

### FLIRTATION.

SOME of your readers seem to have a strange idea of flirtation! One of them apparently defines it as any conversation between the two sexes. Thus, I suppose, if I happen to ask a pretty woman how she is, I am flirting with her.

Now, flirtation is something quite different to that. It is sentimentalising. Any conversation which relates to love may be called flirtation.

Nothing else has any right to the name. AN ADEPT.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 26.—Towards the end of the winter the charming little hardy cyclamens begin to flower. These are precious subjects to have in the garden at this date and are quite easy to grow.

Set them in moist, shady corners—under old trees and in fern dells. They like plenty of leaf-mould in the ground and a little old mortar rubble.

Couch, with round dark green foliage and bright crimson blossoms, is the most valuable of the early flowering species. E. F. T.

## SUNDAY ABROAD AND AT HOME.

PURITANS ON THE QUESTION OF RECREATION.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

IT is curious to see how phrases linger on in a language after the realities to which they once corresponded have passed away.

Here, for instance, is Mrs. Hudson Lyall invoking that old bogey, the "Continental Sunday," in order to illustrate and emphasise her objection to Sunday games in public parks.

"If ever," she says, "Sunday in this country develops into a Continental Sunday, it will be the greatest possible blow to British character, and a desperate blow against home and family life."

I do not think that this critic's words are supported by the actual facts.

The place in which to look for the moral effect of the Continental Sunday is obviously the Continent.

There, if Mrs. Hudson Lyall's indictment were justified, we should expect to see a widespread neglect of family obligations and a superabundance of wicked men, who, in the poet's words:—

*Go mad and beat their wives,  
Plunge, after horrid lives,  
Razors and carving-knives  
Into their gizzards.*

As a matter of sober fact, we see nothing of the kind there.

### ON THE CONTINENT.

On the Continent, just as in this sceptred isle, we meet both bad people as well as good people, but we detect no universal demoralisation.

Indeed, there are some Continental countries—France, Switzerland and Holland, for example—in which far more importance is attached to "home and family life," by the average man and woman, than in England.

That is one point which Mrs. Hudson Lyall will find it hard to meet; and there are two other points of which it seems equally opportune to remind her.

One is that the playing of games in public places has never been a conspicuous part of the programme of the Continental Sunday—country excursions being normally preferred to these pastimes; the second is that the Continental Sunday has, of late years, undergone no inconsiderable modification, at the instance of the Continental Labour Parties.

These, some years ago, came to the conclusion that the real evil of the Continental Sunday was not Sunday play, but Sunday work.

In one country after another they launched a campaign against the seven days' week of unremitting toil.

They were content, indeed, that the Grand Prix should continue to be run on a Sunday, and that trains should run and cafés be open on Sundays as on weekdays; but they insisted successfully on what seemed to them the root of the matter—that every individual should be guaranteed what the French call "hebdomadal repose."

And as a matter of fact, what do we find in the principal Continental cities on Sunday?

### "FAMILY LIFE."

We find the theatres open indeed, but the principal shops are shut, as they are here. The aspect of the Avenue de l'Opera on a Sunday does not differ from that of Piccadilly. There are the same numbers of "Sundayified" people about. In fact, there is an atmosphere of rest, but no suggestion of unusual *reclercy*.

Hence we see that, for many years past, the Continental and British Sundays have been approximating to one another; and arguments based, like Mrs. Hudson Lyall's arguments, upon a supposed sharp contrast between them, have, by this time, lost the force which they might have had twenty years ago.

I cannot help thinking that the ideal of Sunday is misinterpreted by Puritans.

It is not for a layman, perhaps, to quote the relevant passages in Scripture on this subject, but in general I may be permitted to point out that the idea of reasonable recreation need not be in conflict with that of needed rest.

The dead and deadly Sunday is a thing of the past. The present generation is too active to return to it.

"Family life" is a very good ideal to aim at. But most people will agree that family boredom does not promote the happiness of the average home.

Sunday, for many people, is the one day available for open-air exercise. They cannot be expected to sit at home, with their hands folded, lest Puritanic sentiment should be offended.



## JIM LARKIN COMING HOME



The sons of Mr. Jim Larkin, the well-known Irish Labour leader, reading a cablegram from their father, who is in America, announcing his return. A public reception for him is being organised by workers' unions and societies.

## IRISH REBELS' WORK

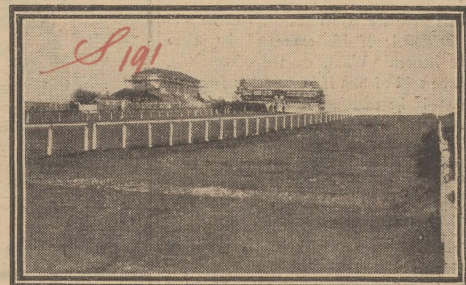


Drumree stationmaster with goat rescued from the fired train.

## RACECOURSE RECONSTRUCTED



Preparing the trench for the water-jump.

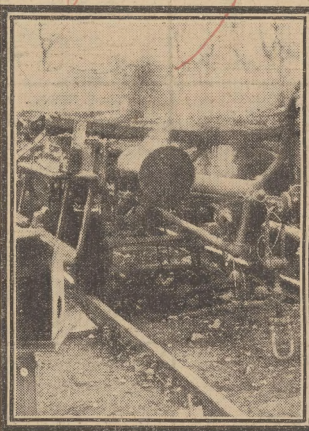


A view of the home straight and the stands.

After having been closed for ten years, Chelmsford racecourse is being reconstructed so as to be in readiness for a steeplechase meeting early in the spring.



**ALL THE WINNERS.**—"Four Aces and the Joker" hoteleigh crew at St. Moritz. The ace of hearts, George Carpenter, the boxer, who is having a great time at the popular Swiss resort with his small family.



All that was left of the burnt-out rolling-stock after the outrage.

A train from Dublin set on fire by Irish Republicans at Drumree, Co. Meath. The engine was sent along the line uncontrolled, but, luckily, caused no damage.



Lieut. V. A. Kerslaw, who partners Davies at half back in the English team, will also retire at the end of the season.



Lieut.-Colonel W. J. A. Davies, R.N., late English Rugby captain, who will retire from football at the end of this season.



**QUITE ORIGINAL.**—A knitted sports suit from the ateliers of Adele de Paris. The colour scheme is beige and tomato, and the hat is of tomato red duvetyn.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



**A FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND.**—The famous old centre court at Wimbledon in process of demolition. It has been the scene of many classic lawn tennis championship contests during its years of good service.



**CLASSIC GRACE.**—An effectively draped evening gown by Adele de Paris. It is of rich green velvet, with gold lace for decoration, and fan to match.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)





Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, now in his 67th year, is a grandson of one of Nelson's captains.



Hon. Olive Campbell, daughter of Lady Rhyllwood, hostess of the Duke of York for his Glasgow visit.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

## Von Moltke's War Ecol.

In Count von Moltke's remarkable book, which I have just been glancing through, nothing is more remarkable than the early date at which he realised that Germany was unlikely to win the war. Even before the battle of the Marne I find him writing to his wife: "It makes me sick to hear how they talk in Court circles. My heart is wrung when I see how little the Emperor realises the seriousness of the situation."

## The Complete Pessimist.

Nor did Von Moltke wait even until the first battle of Ypres was over to give way to complete despair. He actually wrote, as early as November 2, 1914: "My impression is that we shall have no more successes. The war is being bogged in a morass." The first German Chief of the Staff was, indeed, "some" pessimist.

## "Naval" Wedding Cake.

Wedding cakes can be quite interesting when people take trouble about them! The one made for the marriage of Flag Lieutenant-Commander Evan Cavendish, R.N., and Miss Irbay was a very appropriate affair with its lifebuoys, anchors and dolphins all in sugar, the whole edifice being surmounted by a tiny model of a ship in full sail. Notable presents on view at the reception at Claridge's included silver fruit dishes from the Merchant Traders of Inverness engraved with the town arms.

## "Shell" Studio.

Edith Lady Hardwicke has been very seriously ill with pneumonia, but it is now hoped that she has turned the corner. Lady Susan Birch is Lady Hardwicke's only daughter, and she lives in Regent's Park, where she has a charming studio. It is there that those lovely shell flowers of hers are created.



Lady Susan Birch.

## A Rothschild.

M. and Mme. Thierry are at present at the Ritz Hotel, but will soon be settling into a house. Mme. Thierry is a Rothschild by birth, and has made many friends in this country. Her husband is at the French Embassy.

## Side by Side.

Cornelia Countess of Craven has now moved into the house in Chesterfield-gardens which belonged to her mother, the late Mrs. Bradley-Martin. It is a fine building, and stands at the corner of Chesterfield-gardens and Curzon-street. All her married life Lady Craven resided in a house next to that of her mother, and so attached were they that they had communicating doors made between the two houses. Now that her mother is dead and Lady Craven is a widow one house only is being used.

## Prayer Book Profits.

The question is being raised whether the copyright in the Revised Book of Common Prayer should be assigned to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It would be a useful way, as it seems to me, of giving them that endowment of which they admittedly stand in need, and of assisting the Clarendon and Pitt Presses to finance some of those learned works which so often fail to sell sufficiently to repay the cost of publication.

## Some Long Runs.

The thirty-mile run which the Blankney Hounds had this week recalls other famous runs. In 1868 the Meynell Hunt had a thirty-six-mile run, which lasted three hours thirty-seven minutes. In 1871 the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds had a twenty-eight-mile run, but the longest run was that of the Old Findon pack, who ran a fox in 1849 for forty-five miles.

## Naval Engagement.

It is not surprising that Miss Irene Seely should marry into the Navy, as she is well steeped in sea affairs. One of her late mother's brothers (Captain "Reggie" Crichton) is a retired naval captain—who was badly nerve-shattered by being blown up during the war—and one of her cousins, "Jack" White, was one of the smartest men in the Senior Service. Her home being in the Isle of Wight naturally fostered a love of the sea—and of those who live on it!

## Plymouth's New Bishop.

Dr. J. H. B. Masterman, who was yesterday consecrated first Suffragan Bishop of Plymouth, is a brother of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman. He is a keen educationist, is interested in the University Extension movement and was at one time Professor of History at Birmingham. Until recently he held the living of Bow Church, Cheapside.

## Hopes of Recognition!

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins will be at the first performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda," film, which opens for a short season at the Palace on Monday, and as his novel has been "produced" by a good man it is quite likely he will be able to recognise his own story! This is quite a novelty in the film world where even Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" was retitled "Male and Female," and Babylonian court scenes introduced!

## Precedent.

We must not think too hardly of the young lady who got out of one of the women's colleges by night and effected her return by climbing over the wall. It was for precisely such a feat that Blayds, of Balliol, was expelled; and Blayds, of Balliol, changed his name to Calverley and went to Cambridge, where he became senior classic, a distinguished wit and the intimate friend of Sir Walter Besant.

## Literary Agents in France.

French authors are proposing to take a leaf out of the book of English authors. They have come to the conclusion that the commerce of literary property, at present undertaken by the Société des gens de lettres, could be more profitably entrusted, as it is in England, to literary agents, and that profession, at present unknown in France, is likely to spring up there.

## From My Diary.

No men are oftener wrong than those that can least bear to be so.—*Rochejoucauld.*



Mr. Lawrence Anderson, who has made a success as the poetic youth in "Advertising April."



Mr. Lew's S one, who plays the leading part, Rupert of Hentzau, in the new "Prisoner of Zenda" film.

## Coloured Walking Sticks.

A friend, writing from the Riviera, mentions that coloured walking sticks are quite the latest thing there, and girls look very smart wearing white or light grey costumes and carrying pale blue, pink or other brightly coloured sticks with crook handles.

## Incomes for the Briefless.

If I were young with an appetite hale and hearty and were called to the Bar I should much appreciate a MacMahon Law Studentship, of which two have just been awarded at St. John's College, Cambridge. The studentships are worth £150 a year for four years and are bestowed on budding young barristers to assist them through their briefless period.

## An Art Story.

The case in the courts which is to do with damage caused to a Chinese work of art reminds me of the story of that Chicago millionaire who, receiving a replica of the Venus of Milo, found the arms missing and straightway complained to the railway company. Thus the story, and here the sequel. The company sent an official round to see if the arms were really missing, and, being satisfied, paid up!

## Of Paradise!

"That's a pretty bird, mummie," exclaimed Johnny as he looked at a bird of paradise in the Zoo yesterday. "Yes," she replied, "and he never cries like some little boys I know." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

THE RAMBLER.

## THE CHIEF'S HONEYMOON.

Naval Occasions—Public School "Bullying"—A Youthful Dramatist.

THE EARL OF CAVAN, Chief of the General Imperial Staff, was to go away for a honeymoon last year after his marriage with Lady Joan Mulholland. He has since explained that he was blundered told by the Prime Minister that he must remain at his post. But the tension has now slackened, and he and the Countess will spend a three weeks' holiday at Beaulieu, on the Riviera. They will be the guests of Sir John and Lady Ward.

## Hopeful.

Lord Curzon has taken a leaf out of the book of Lord Beaconsfield by ordering a special train to take him home from Lausanne. Lord Beaconsfield gave a similar order when things were not going well at the famous Berlin Conference, and things went better thereafter. The omen is a hopeful one.

## School Bullying.

I suppose it is true that there is much less bullying in our big schools nowadays than there used to be; but Mr. Hendry, when headmaster of Chatham House School, Ramsgate, told me that, in order to prevent it, he had thought it well to require that an assistant master should always be on duty in the playing fields and to allow any boy who complained that he was uncomfortable in one dormitory to migrate to another.

## In the Old Days.

Many famous men suffered seriously from the ordeal in the old days. Richard Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," to the end of his life was a victim to a nervous malady attributed to the bullying at school. Dr. Hawtrey, the Eton headmaster, once in a school sermon ascribed Shelley's irreligious opinions to the treatment meted out to him by his school-fellows at that college.

## In Spite of All.

Bullying, however, certainly did not break Shelley's spirit. Eton legend still credits him with many spirited feats. Among other things he is said to have chased the college cook with a roasting spit, to have set fire to a tree in the college grounds with a burning glass, and to have hidden a savage bulldog in Dr. Keate's desk.

## The Young Idea.

Noel Coward, author of "The Young Idea," to be produced at the Savoy Theatre next week, is a gifted young man. Though still in the early twenties, this is his second "West End" production. Besides play writing and acting, he is a good pianist, and entertains his friends with clever skits "at the piano." In his retired moments he occupies a small cottage at St. Mary's, in Kent.

## Stage Struck!

Mr. Julian Wylie and his brother were theatre mad when they were boys. They made toy theatres of cardboard and invited their small friends each Sunday to see their marionettes. But even in those days they had the business instinct and charged a penny a head admission. To-day Mr. Wylie is the surviving partner of the well-known Wylie-Tate theatrical firm, and his brother is Mr. Samuelson, of film and charabanc fame.

## Good Business!

In conjunction with Mr. R. H. Gillespie, managing director of Moss Empires, Ltd., Mr. Wylie is generously placing seats in several provincial theatres at the disposal of *The Daily Mirror* so that many hundreds of poor children may have a treat. "Julian" is a personal producer. He writes scenarios, designs colour schemes and invents "business."



Mr. Julian Wylie.

Have you tried the "Nupines" competition?

It is an easy way of keeping yourself and your family amused these winter evenings—a very profitable way, too, should you win one of the handsome prizes.

The competition is unusual in that it caters for all ages. Young and old have an equal chance of success—and there are suitable prizes both for adults and children.

Ask your chemist for particulars. Closing date—March 31st.

**NUPINES**  
REGD

contain Pine Oil, Cinnamon, Capsicum, Menthol and Liquorice. They warm the chest, throat and lungs

The World's 6<sup>D</sup> Pine Tablet

FROM ALL CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



## OXFORD TEACHES RURAL LORE



The Earl of Cardigan, son and heir of the Marquis of Ailesbury, on the left, attends an open-air lecture on sheep at the Temple Farm, Sandford, run as a school of rural economy in connection with Oxford University.



**SUSSEX COURSEING.** Mrs. A. H. Cartwright and Mrs. Chambers, with Mrs. Cartwright's Chocolate and Buff and Garriowen IX, at the Sussex County Courseing Club's meeting, Petworth.

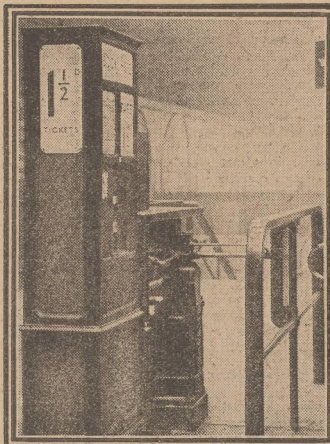


**FATAL COLLISION.**—After the fatal collision between a motor-car and cycle near Faversham. The cycle rider, a post-office official, suffered injuries from which he died in Faversham Cottage Hospital.



**WARRINGTON'S GUESTS.**—Widows and orphans of war heroes entertained by the Victory Treat Committee in the Parr Hall, Warrington. The Mayor and Mayoress of Warrington are standing in the centre.

## A TIME-SAVER



A new time and labour saving booking-office and gate on the Underground at Earl's Court Station. Money in the slot automatically operates the mechanism.



**TO BE MARRIED.**—The Marquis de Ruigny and Raineval and Miss Violet Pelly, whose marriage is announced to take place at the end of February.



**NURSERY FUN.**—A joke on nurse. A chair, towel and two little jokers are all that is necessary for its perpetration, and it may safely be relied upon to achieve a success on all ordinary occasions.

## LAST AMERICANS



The departing American troops march



The French Tricolour being hoisted on the Rhine bridgehead to the French. They later left



**JOCKO THE JOCKEY.**—Jocko, the monkey fancies himself as an equestrian. He adopts a forward seat on his donkey mount.



# AVE THE RHINE



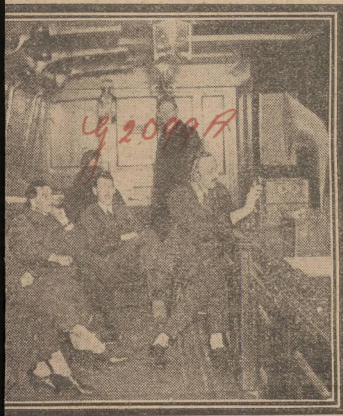
h Coblenz on their way to the station.



German wife  
Coblenz, handing over the occupation of that  
for home on the transport St. Mihel.



Lowering the Stars and Stripes  
from Ehrenbreitstein fortress.



492000A  
VAL RELIC.—The captain's cabin of H.M.S.  
pregnable, one of the last of England's "wooden  
walls," reconstructed in a Westminster basement.

# 65 YEARS OLD



The Bishop of London, who is receiving con-  
gratulations on the attainment of his sixty-  
fifth birthday anniversary, at his desk in his  
study at Fulham Palace.



Miss M. Bryant, who  
has twenty years' re-  
cord as an international  
hockey player. She  
plays for England next  
Saturday.



Prince Habib Lotfallah,  
Chancellor to the King  
of the Hedjaz, and a  
notable diplomat, who  
is now in London on a  
visit.



IN FULL PLUMAGE.—Mlle. Mistinguett  
wearing the magnificent millinerial mon-  
strosity with which she adorns herself in a  
Casino de Paris revue. It probably estab-  
lishes something of a record.

# EX-OFFICERS AS BUS DRIVERS



Commander E. E. Pethick, R.N., interviewing candidates for employment as bus drivers  
at the offices of the National Appointments Committee, Clement's Inn, London. Appli-  
cants must be ex-officers or of a similar standard in general qualifications.



Squeak and her inseparable satnet. 922000A Squeak tries to help Angeline.

SQUEAK IN SOMERSET.—A reader at Burnham-  
Someret, has sent us some  
excellent pictures of Squeak as she has appeared at fancy dress functions in that neigh-  
bourhood. The costume, which is entirely home-made, is most successful.



1643.6  
M.P.'s WINTER SPORTS.—Lady Astor's little son pilots his mother, sister and brother  
on a bobsleigh run at St. Moritz, where the Astor family are entering with great zest  
into all the winter sports.





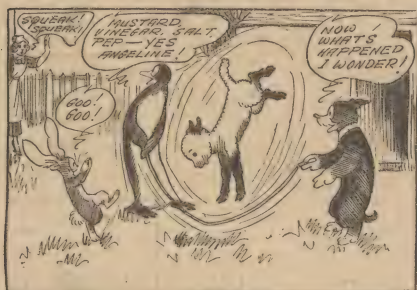


# PIP AND SQUEAK

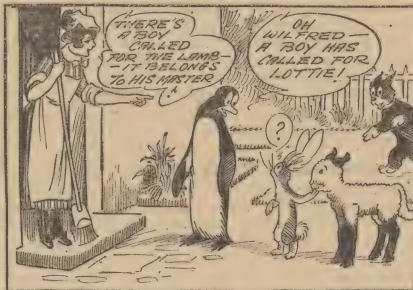
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1923

## THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 68.—LOTTIE AND WILFRED PROVIDE A DAY OF LAUGHTER AND TEARS.



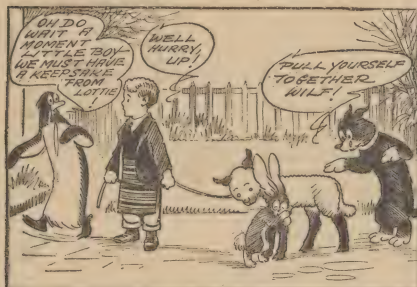
1. Lottie the lamb was gaily skipping in the garden when Angeline called for Squeak.



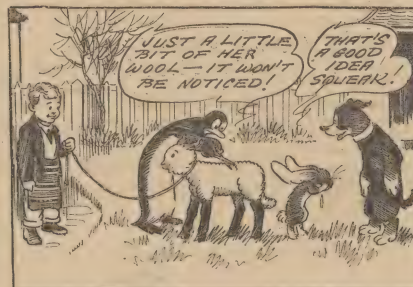
2. "A boy has called for the lamb," said Angeline. "You must all say good-bye to her."



3. When Wilfred understood that Lottie was going away he was nearly heartbroken.



4. "We must have a keepsake from Lottie before she goes!" cried Squeak, running indoors.



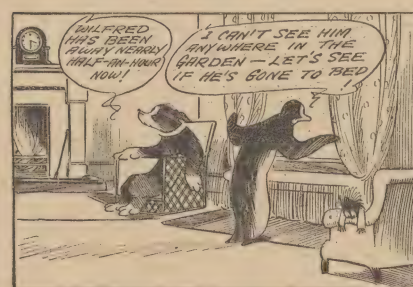
5. She returned with a pair of scissors and cut off a little piece of Lottie's woollen coat.



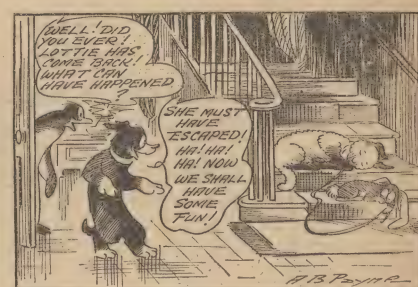
6. Wilfred's last farewell to the lamb was so pathetic that even Pip was affected.



7. Pip and Squeak came indoors and left Wilfred in the garden to "have his cry out."



8. A long time passed, and still no sign of Wilfred. "Let's see where he is," said Squeak.

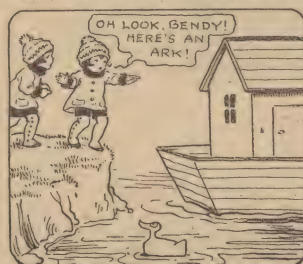


9. They found Wilfred—and the lamb—quietly asleep in the hall. Lottie had escaped again!

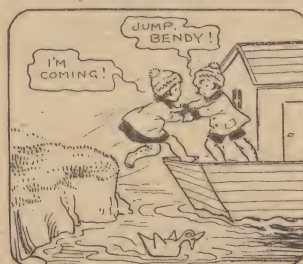
## BILLY AND BENDY IN TOYLAND: No. 6—A lovely picture story about the place where all the toys are alive.



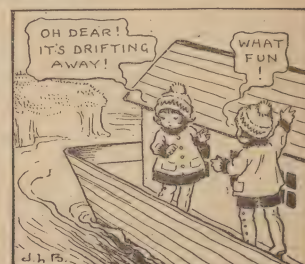
1. When the children saw Mr. Noah they jumped up. "Run!" cried Billy. They dashed out of the doll's house, and ran as hard as they could go.



2. Presently they came to a river, and, floating on it, was the funniest boat they had ever seen. "It must be an Ark!" exclaimed Billy.



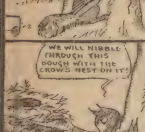
3. "Let's go and explore it!" suggested Bendy. So they jumped from the bank on to the dock. Little Bendy nearly fell into the water as she jumped!



4. No sooner were they safely on than the Ark began to drift away. "Oh, dear, we're going down the river!" cried Bendy. Billy thought it great fun.

WHERE WILL THE ARK TAKE THEM? SEE NEXT SATURDAY'S INSTALMENT OF THIS JOLLY PICTURE SERIAL.



AN OLD CROW'S  
NEST MAKES

## A HUNTER'S PUZZLE

Where Are All the  
Animals Hiding?

THE hunter in this picture is looking for game to shoot, but he can't see any animals or birds anywhere! If only he could see an elephant! He is just longing to have a shot at something.

Perhaps you can help him. Have a good look at the picture and see if you can find any wild animals hiding about.

I'm sure there are some crouching among those wild-looking trees! Just



Can you see the animals?

look carefully at them—turn the paper upside down, if necessary, or sideways, if you think it will help.

Those animals must be found! When you have found them (for they are all hidden somewhere) ask your friends to find them too.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, Jan. 27, 1923.

## MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

From time to time Pip, Squeak and Wilfred have made friends with various creatures, the latest of whom, of course, is Lottie the lamb. How are all these other pets getting on?—I expect you have often wondered. Do you remember their names? Perhaps you might like to hear the latest news about them.

Do you remember Bertie, the ostrich? Bertie first arrived at our house as a very big egg. Squeak sat on the egg for some days and hatched it. A funny, long-legged little bird hopped out; at first they thought it was a stork or a flamingo, but it grew at such an enormous pace that Pip and Squeak knew it was something different.

Bertie turned out to be an ostrich; he now lives at a Zoo, and, only a few weeks ago, so I am told, swallowed a bunch of keys in mistake for a turnip-top. Bertie was always a stupid bird.

## NEWS ABOUT MABEL AND MILDRED.

Then, of course, there was Gertie, the goat. She now lives on a farm and has obtained several "firsts" at various goat shows. Perhaps you also remember Percy, the tortoise, and Mabel and Mildred, the funny little ducklings? Mabel and Mildred are ducklings no longer; they are now respectable ducks and quack about all day on a pond in Kent.

There have been numerous other pets. Pip, Squeak and Wilfred would like to have the whole joyful company at our house. There are limits, however, to this sort of thing. Sometimes I think that a dog, penguin and rabbit are more than enough.

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

## SOME OLD FRIENDS.

Guess These Fairy-Tale  
People.

EACH little picture you see below represents the name of some old friend from one of your favourite fairy tales. For instance, you will soon see



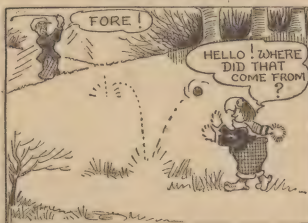
that No. 1 can be no other than old Rip van Winkle. Now tackle the others!

For the correct and neatest solutions, written on a card, I am awarding the following splendid prizes:—

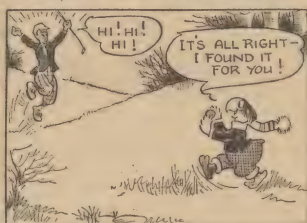
First Prize .....	£2 10 0
Second Prize .....	2 0 0
Third Prize .....	1 10 0
Forty Prizes of .....	5 0
Forty Prizes of .....	2 6

Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to UNCLE DICK (Old Friends), Pip and Squeak, care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard, London, E.C. 4, to reach this office before February 6. Only children under sixteen are eligible.

## ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Our little parrot "helps" an  
enthusiastic golfer this week.

1. "Where did that come from?" cried Horace, as he caught the golf ball.



2. "Were you looking for a ball?" he asked the golfer politely.



3. The man was most annoyed. Poor old Horace, wrong again!

## START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Worlock, son of a famous explorer, sees his father off on an expedition. Through a series of misfortunes, he finds himself stranded without any friends except a milkman and his wife, who have taken pity on him. He decides to apply for a post as office-boy.

## THE NEW OFFICE-BOY.

FOR a moment longer Derek gazed at the notice posted on the office window. Then he straightened his tie, brushed a few specks of dust from his clothes, and walked boldly inside the office.

"Well, my lad, what do you want?" The demand came from an elderly man seated before a high desk at one side of the room. He peered at Derek in none too friendly a way, and the boy half-regretted that he had been so quick in making up his mind.

"Please, I want to apply for the position of office-boy," he replied.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, wait a few minutes." He went on with his writing, and Derek had a chance to look round the office. On the opposite side of it were three or four desks, at which young men were busily writing.

In one corner of the office was a door, on which was painted the word "Private." Suddenly this opened, and a tall, handsome-looking man stepped into the room.

"Haynes," he said quickly, "I want to see you for a moment, please."

The elderly man jumped to his feet and passed through the doorway into the room beyond, carefully shutting the door behind him. After a few minutes he returned and beckoned to Derek. "Come this way, my lad," he said. "Mr. Warren will see you now."

With swiftly beating heart Derek passed into the inner office. It was a brighter, more cosy-looking room altogether than the one he had just come from.

Seated in a swivel chair in front of a desk was the man who had just popped his head into the other room. "All right, Haynes," he said. "You can go."

The head clerk—for such he was—closed the door and Derek found himself alone with Mr. Warren. The latter gazed at him closely for a few moments and then, as though satisfied, smiled.



"Your wages will be fifteen shillings a week," said Mr. Warren to Derek.

"Well, sonny," he said, "so you want to be our new office boy?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

Derek answered this and several other questions that followed, and then Mr. Warren made some rapid notes on a sheet of paper. Finally he turned to the boy again.

"Have you had any previous employment? That is, have you ever been to work before?"

"No, sir."

"Well, can you think of anyone who'll give you a good character?"

Poor Derek! Alone and practically friendless as he was, who was there to whom he could appeal for a character? He hung his head.

Mr. Warren had been looking at him curiously. There was something about the boy

which he could not help liking. "Can't you think of anyone?" he repeated, not unkindly.

"I'm afraid not, sir. You see, I've not got many friends, and—and—" He broke off, hardly knowing how to continue.

The telephone bell suddenly rang and for a few moments the head of the firm was engaged in conversation. At the end of it he turned to Derek again.

"I've decided to give you a chance, my boy. You look honest, and I can only hope that you'll work hard and do your best."

"I will, sir," said Derek gratefully. "And thank you very much."

Mr. Warren smiled. "I'll expect you at nine o'clock sharp," he said. "Your wages will be fifteen shillings a week."

When Derek got outside he felt as though he wanted to leap into the air with joy. He hurried back as fast as he could and broke the glad news to Mrs. Binks. For the time being all his troubles were forgotten.

"Well, that's splendid," said the milkman's wife. Then a look of regret came over her face. "I suppose, though, it means that you'll be leaving us?"

Derek had not thought of this. "I'd love to stay," he said simply. "I'm afraid I can't pay you very much a week, but—"

"There, there, don't worry about that," put in Mrs. Binks, much relieved. "I only wish we could afford to keep you for nothing. Now, how about ten shillings a week?"

Derek was delighted. "I don't know how to thank you," he began, but the kind old soul quickly cut him short.

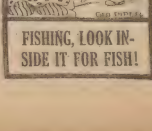
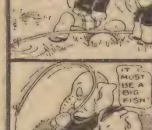
The following day he set off early to his work. He found there were plenty of jobs for him to do, but the work was not difficult.

Towards the end of the afternoon Mr. Warren sent for him and told him to clear up some papers that lay scattered on the floor. He set about the task eagerly, and while rummaging amongst the litter his eye caught sight of a flimsy bit of paper.

He drew it towards him and then gave a gasp of surprise as he realised what it was.

"Good gracious!" he muttered. "A five pound note!"

(Look out for next week's fine instalment.)

IF YOU CATCH A  
BOOT WHILEFISHING, LOOK IN-  
SIDE IT FOR FISH!



# YOU CAN BEGIN READING THIS GRAND NEW SERIAL TO-DAY

## UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER



"By jingo!" thought Smith. "She's a lovely woman! Who is she?" Nina Rawley started and gripped her brother's hand. "Do you know that man?" she whispered.

### SYNOPSIS.

"YOU have too much money, too few friends, too much time on your hands, no interests in life." Hearing this frank decision from a well-known specialist, Robin Marchant, young, handsome and strong-willed, decides to break away from his old life. He plans to go on a holiday, during which he will live the life of a tramp, sleeping in barns and existing on a few pence daily. Before starting he comes to the rescue of his cousin, Walter Ferrers, a weak, easily-led character, who is in the clutches of a blackmailer named Dulham. Ferrers has foolishly written indiscreet letters to a Miss Nina Salisbury, and rather than let them be brought to the notice of his wife—whom he himself really loves and for whom Robin has a deep respect—he decides to pay Dulham.

Robin lends him the money and then starts on his holiday. One day, while resting by the roadside, he is observed by a beautiful girl. Taking him for a real tramp, she favours him with his lantern and finally offers him work.

He accepts the offer and then finds that the girl, whose name is Elaine Farrel, lives at a fine old Elizabethan house. He sees her father, and after being engaged as chauffeur's assistant learns that a visitor, a Mr. Rawley, is expected.

To his amazement Rawley turns out to be none other than Dulham, the blackmailer! Luckily he had never seen Robin before, though the latter had seen him.

Rawley knows that the man whom everyone thinks is Elaine's father, Sir Geoffrey Farrel, is really an impostor named Colliner. He taunts Colliner with this, and threatens to expose him.

Finally he promises to keep silent, but the price of such silence is to be Elaine's hand in marriage. The girl, of course, is quite unaware of this.

Meanwhile Elaine finds Robin a home with an elderly couple named Biggs, who live in a small cottage. Bessie, Elaine's maid, takes a liking to Smith. This annoys Purvis, the chauffeur, who loves Bessie. There is a fight between the two men, which Elaine sees from a window overlooking the garage.

After knocking the chauffeur out Smith takes his place in Elaine's small car. Out of obstinacy the girl complains of his driving and takes the wheel herself. She lands the car in a ditch, and as she is recovering consciousness is amazed to hear Smith referring to her in very endearing terms. He does not know she has heard him.

### THE INSOLENCE OF SMITH.

"OF course," Elaine thought to herself, "he didn't mean a word he said. The whole thing was sheer nonsense."

She sat on the bank, a glass of water in her hand. Smith and two other men were dragging the little car out of the ditch.

"Poor, obstinate, proud little darling!" The man must have been mad to talk like that. She was remembering every word clearly, and her heart was behaving in a most incomprehensible manner.

Then she remembered how he had touched his forehead when Rawley had given him money.

"If you are really not capable of getting the car on the road again, Smith, you had better go for more help."

"I'll be all right in a moment."

She frowned. He ought to have said "Miss," or "Madam" as he sometimes called her. He had no manners; but what could one expect from a person who slept in a ditch?

The car was on the road at last. The two countrymen were breathing heavily, but Smith did not seem to have turned a hair.

His eye, she noticed, was turning black—a disgusting sight that would remind her of the manner in which he had accepted alms from Gordon Rawley.

Suddenly she knew she hated and distrusted Rawley, simply because he had given money to a man who had fought a great and glorious battle.

"I hate and despise them both," she thought. She rose. The noise on her face was due to a bramble scratch and the momentary faintness to the shock. She found that there was nothing really wrong with her.

"Is there anything the matter with the car?"

"No, madam."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Then I shall drive back."

"No," he said, "you won't. Their eyes met."

"Really, Smith?"

"Half a moment." He turned and gave the two men the couple of half-crowns that Rawley had given to him.

"Thank you, my men," he said. "I'm much obliged to you. Will one of you take this glass back?"

"My men!" Yet he was a servant himself. Elaine had observed the passage of the half-crowns; she knew instinctively that they were the gift of Rawley and she felt glad.

"I shall drive back," she repeated. "Please start the car."

He obeyed without comment.

"I am afraid I can't permit you to drive back," he said.

"You—you can't permit me?" Her eyes flashed.

"No, I am of a naturally nervous disposition, and your driving—well, the least said about it the better."

"You are insufferably insolent!"

"Even the lowest of us cling to life," he said. "Very well," she said, for she did not know what else to say.

With lips tightly compressed she stepped into the car. She was flaming with indignation against him.

"Smith!"

"You understand that—that I—that after what has happened—"

"Don't mention it," he said. She was referring to his violence in refusing to allow her to drive her own car, but he thought, or pretended to think, that she was making apologies for landing the car in the ditch.

"Smith!"

"I am listening."

"Just now you were insolent to me," she said at last.

He started and his cheeks flushed. He thought she was referring to certain remarks he might have made when he had knelt on the muddy bank and looked down on to the most lovely face in the world.

The flush died out of his cheeks. It was all right then; she had really been unconscious at the time.

"Well," he said, "it was nearly time someone told you the truth. One day you'll break your neck."

"That is enough! You forget yourself!"

He did not reply, but drove on steadily and slowly. All too soon, she knew, the gates of Oldstone would come in sight.

"I shall consider the matter," she said vaguely.

What matter? Elaine fairly stamped on the floor of the car. The matter of your rudeness, your insulting behaviour. I shall consider whether or not I shall—discharge you!

She drew a deep breath, for she had no intention whatever of discharging him.

Smith stole a sidelong glance at her.

If you are going to give me notice—

"I did not say I was going to give you notice," he said. "I would consider the matter." She was melting. His words came back to her. How different from Rawley's offensive lovelomaking that had revolted her!

"If you really intend to dismiss me," he said, and as he spoke he glared at the distant gates now just in sight, "it would be better to do it now. My week is just up. Either you could give me a week's notice, or, if you prefer it, a week's salary."

She did not want one or the other, and he realised it.

"If you will apologise for what you did—"

"Certainly not! You aren't fit to drive a car; you might kill yourself."

"If you are sorry," she went on, ignoring his outburst.

"I am not!"

The gates were reached, and Elaine was getting desperate. In another moment or so the drive would be over.

Just this time," she said, grandly, "I will overlook it."

"That's very kind of you!" Was it mockery in his voice? She did not know. She only knew that she felt hot and angry. She stepped out of the now stationary car, turned her back on him and marched into the house without another word.

Smith drove the car into the garage yard. "What a lovely little temper!" he muttered. "What a pig-headed, unreasonable darling she is! Confound her!"

Which proved that Smith's opinions were at the moment mixed.

"Bessie, my dear, listen to me."

Bessie dimpled and flushed. "Yes?" she said.

She and Smith were returning to Oldstone from the Biggs' cottage.

Mrs. Biggs had been shocked and aghast at the sight of Smith that evening. His black eye, his cut lip, the green mud stain on the knees of his trousers had quite upset her.

"Whatever have you been doing?" she asked. "Fighting?"

"I met with a slight accident with a car. We were overturned in a ditch."

"Miss Farrel and myself. She was driving, but she took the ditch, and there we were. You might have been killed."

"True!" said Smith.

### THE BEAUTIFUL NINA.

MRS. BIGGS accepted the black eye as part of the accident. She bathed and anointed it, and did her best to mend the cut lip. Then Bessie came at nine o'clock and Smith walked home with her.

"Bessie, my dear, I want to talk to you."

She nodded brightly.

"It is about Purvis. Do you know, Bessie, I've got an idea I've been wrong about Purvis. There's good in that man."

"I ain't never noticed it," she said with a toss of the head.

"But let's there, and you'll discover it one day. He is not a bad sort."

Bessie sniffed.

"And he loves you dearly."

Bessie sniffed again.

"Think it over," said Smith.

"Think what over?"

"My statements. Good night, Bessie!"

"Good night!" She smiled at him shyly, her charming little face tilted up to him in the moonlight. But Smith declined the unspoken invitation. He turned on his heel whistling.

"Bessie!" said a voice hoarsely.

She turned.

"Law, you did give me a start! Wherever was you hiding?"

"I wasn't hiding," said Purvis. "I was in them bushes."

"You would be—spying!" said Bessie, with a toss of her head.

"I weren't spying neither, Bessie!"

"Oh, go on with your Bessie!"

"I wish it was my Bessie," said Purvis heavily.

"Oh, funny, aren't you! What do you want?"

"You," he said briefly.

"Well, you can't 'ave me," she said. "See?"

"What did Smith say to you?"

"Something as was not true."

"What was that?"

"He said that there was a lot of good in you," said Bessie.

"And a lot of bad," replied Purvis. "Bessie—if—if—" he paused. "If—if you'd only give me a chance I'd try and get rid of the bad. Smith's a good chap, Bessie; he's a gentleman."

"In them clothes!" said Bessie.

"Ang is clothes! He's a toff all the same. I know by the way 'e fights."

He took her hand, and she did not draw it away.

Perhaps she was thinking more about Smith than about Purvis, and she overlooked the fact that he was holding her hand as they walked towards the big, dark house.

There was the bustle of new arrivals, and the car in which Rawley had made his first appearance was again on the scene. It was piled high with luggage, trunks and large wicker-work receptacles which had a somewhat theatrical appearance.

In the car sat Mr. Gordon Rawley, driving, and beside him was a lady. She was tall and dark, with a deep, rich colour in her cheeks, and big black eyes fringed with marvellous lashes.

Servants came hurrying through the open portals, and a messenger was sent round to the garage for Purvis to come and take Mr. Rawley's car.

Purvis was at the moment absent.

"I'll come," said Smith. "I know the car." He slipped on his coat and came round to the front of the house to take possession of the car and drive it into the garage.

"Here you are, chauffeur," said Rawley. Sir Geoffrey was on the steps in the good old-fashioned hospitable style of the English country gentleman to receive and welcome his guests.

Rawley held out his hand to assist his sister to alight. She took it and turned her head. Her great glorious black eyes and Smith's blue ones met for a moment.

"By jingo, she's a lovely woman!" he thought. "Who is she? Why she must be—"

His thoughts flew back to the impressionable Ferrers.

Miss Nina Rawley started and gripped her brother's hand tightly for a moment. He looked at her curiously.

"What's up?" he muttered.

"Do you know that man?" she whispered. "Know what?" Rawley asked.

"Nothing!"

A moment later they went into the house together.

Another fine instalment on Monday.

"I am just making the hot Bird's Custard for the pudding; it takes only a few seconds."

**BIRD'S CUSTARD as Hot Sauce**

is all-in-all to puddings, not only steamed puddings, but every kind of rice, tapioca, or sago puddings.

Just a spoonful of Bird's—it costs so little—and there is no pudding left on the children's plates.



**Cadbury's Milk Chocolate**

ALSO WITH NUTS

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"



"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

**1 1/3 HALF POUND BLOCK**

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate



**Amateur Cup Draw (Third Round).**—Northampton v. Leavesden Mental Hospital, Esh v. Winning v. Rockfield, Evesham Town v. Crook Town, St. Albans City v. Barking Town, Erith and Belvedere v. Clapton, Summerstown v. R.A.M.C. (Aldershot) or London Calcedonians, Huthall v. Ilford or Oxford City, Easton United v. Stockport. To be played on February 17.







A Jolly Competition for the Children: See Page 12.

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Little goes—and comes back again!—



—See amusing pictures on page 11.

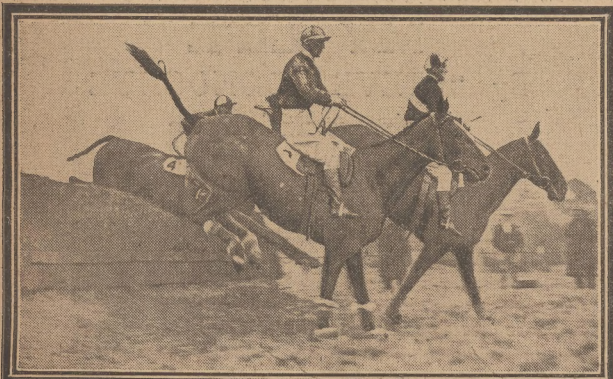
## DUCHESS' COOK OPENS A RESTAURANT



Mrs. Downing, who for ten years was cook to the Duchess of Rutland and has cooked for the late King Edward, at work in the kitchen of the restaurant she has just opened in the West End.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



British Warm (farthest from camera) winning from Yewden the Sunbury Hurdle Race.



**SHAUN SPADAH'S DEFEAT.**—Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Shaun Spadah (centre), the top weight in this year's Grand National, finished third at Kempton Park yesterday in the Littleton Steeplechase. Hawker won.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

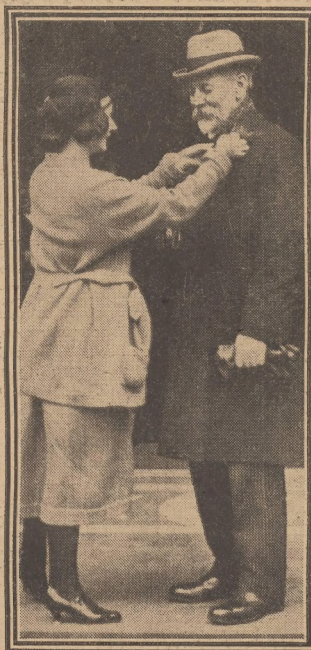
## IN THE NEWS TO-DAY



Alfred Green, a Yorkshire player, who has signed professional terms for Middlesbrough. He will play at right back.



Police Sergeant Diamond, who fell and broke his leg in a chase after a suspected person at Notting Dale.



**AUSTRALIA DAY.**—Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner of Australia, presented with a sprig of wattle, the national flower, yesterday, Australia Day, by Miss Dillon, daughter of a Queensland official.

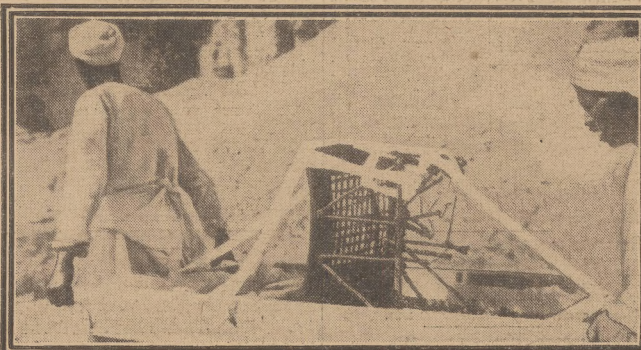
## OF COLUMBUS FAMILY



Mr. C. J. Colombos, who is a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, and who was called to the Bar last night at the Middle Temple. He is a Doctor of Laws.



**SPARTAN MOTHER.**—Mrs. Graco, of Willesden, and her son Arthur, whom she handed over to the police as an absentee from his regiment. He has now been sent to his unit.



**6,000-YEAR-OLD CHAIR.**—A cane chair of date 4350 B.C., being carried from the tomb of King Tut-ankh Amen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor. This is one of the less perfectly preserved specimens of furniture.